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Puck

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## FRANCE.

THE elections are over, and MacMahon tears his hair and gnashes his teeth, for they have not resulted in a manner at all to his satisfaction. He would have had an overwhelming majority of so-called conservatives at his back that in league with the monarchical and clerical factions he might have trampled liberty under foot and ruled the country with bayonets.

Happily the French people in spite of their volatility, have displayed sufficient courage and sound sense to express their desire unmistakably for a moderate republican form of government.

MacMahon may seek to find consolation in the fact that, the party who opposes his miserable reactionary policy, have not held their own. It is true that a few seats have been lost, and the majority is reduced; but it is nevertheless sufficiently strong to manifest to the military ignorant bigoted tyrant that his fossilized notions belong to a past age, and can no longer be tolerated in an enlightened nation in the nineteenth century.

Let not MacMahon go too far, there is a limit to the patience of the people. In each encounter with liberty he has so far been signally defeated, and unless he wishes to see a repetition of the days of the Commune, and the streets of Paris running with blood, he will call off his hounds and quietly resign, that they who better understand the genius and temper of the French people may guide their destinies in a manner more in accordance with the spirit of the age.

## THE MACHINE WON'T WORK.

It was an expensively constructed machine. All the parts were kept well oiled, and the best available skill was secured to run it; but, notwithstanding, it has come irremediably to grief. What is the cause? Was the metal of inferior quality, or did the machine receive too much wear and tear? Puck thinks it must be a little of both.

It has done the State some service, but perhaps of a character that could have been dispensed with.

Hayes must, however, be considered practically responsible for the ruin of the fabric.

## PHILADELPHIA MODESTY.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 24th, 1877.

Friend Puck:

THERE is a prodigious amount of Modesty—with a big M—lying around loose in this city of Quakers and materialized spirits. There is Morton, for instance, whose modesty would not permit him to acknowledge that he was conscious of having done *very* wrong, after having appropriated over one million of the funds of the West Philadelphia Passenger Railway Company. If I was a humorous paragrapher, Mr. Editor, I would here ask the difference between you and Mr. Morton; and before you had time to "give it up," I would explain that while you issue over there, he over-issued here.

And we have George Washington Childs, A. M., whose brilliant poetic mortuary gems shed such a shimmering sheen of comfort and blessed consolation over the *Ledger's* obituary column.

His modesty is so vast and comprehensive that his charities are only made on condition that they will be telegraphed from Dan to Beersheba, so to speak.

But probably the most modest man in the Quaker City is Colonel John W. For—but never mind the name. He was late—very late—owner of the *P*—but let us begin at the beginning:

Once upon a time—and not a very long time ago—the Colonel delivered an address in a New Jersey town. The occasion was one of considerable local importance, and the fact that the Colonel was to be the orator of the day was extensively advertised—in his own paper. A short-hand reporter accompanied the Colonel, "by particular request," and after making a faithful transcript of his address, hurried back to Philadelphia, and placed his manuscript in the hands of the Colonel's city editor. After the exercises of the day, the orator remained in the New Jersey town to receive the congratulations and "other refreshments" of his friends, and for once missed revising the proof-sheets of his address. Next morning the usually bland Colonel entered his office with a copy of his paper in his hand and an ominous scowl on his brow. There were only two columns of his address instead of the five he anticipated. He sought the short-hand reporter, and, pointing to the second page of the paper, demanded to know why his oration was not reported in full.

"Sire," answered the stenographer, with quivering voice, "sire, I took down every word you uttered."

"But where are all the 'applauses' and 'thunders of applause' that should have been interpolated in brackets? Here's a whole column garnished with not more than one hundred and fifty of such tokens of appreciation."

"I put 'em all in, sire," protested the reporter, "and more, too. The city editor must have struck 'em out."

The irate Colonel soon confronted the city editor, and requested an explanation.

"I—I—I," faltered the subordinate, "I thought it wouldn't look well—wouldn't be exactly the proper thing—to have more 'applause' than address in your own paper, so I—I erased some of 'em."

"Erased h——!" thundered the indignant Colonel, forgetting his early Sunday-school training. "What right had you to think anything of the kind? Your services are no longer required in this establishment."

And while the ill-used Colonel continued to make things as lively as a double-ring circus in the editorial rooms, the discharged menial slipped on his coat, drew his half-week's salary of seven dollars or so, and became an outcast and wanderer—for one day only.

The Colonel employed several minutes in firing dynamite language at the managing editor, for his carelessness in permitting his employer's address to go into the paper in a "mutilated" form, and then punished him by promoting a member of the reportorial corps to the managing editorship.

And thereafter, when a report of one of the Colonel's addresses appeared in his own paper, it read somewhat thusly:

"It is, perhaps, best [applause] that in these dreary [loud applause] times, when almost [applause] every day produces [immense applause] some new [applause] shock, some destruction of [uproarious applause] idols, some overthrow of [loud applause] heretofore untarnished [tumultuous applause] names, that we should [deafening applause] recur to the more pleasing duty of [prolonged applause] calling attention to the [thunders of applause] better side of [applause] humanity. [Long and deafening applause.]

And so forth.

B. BRIMM.



## PUCK'S ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

School keeps again, but the boys have scarcely warmed to work.

The democratic and republican Senate boys are still making up their minds as to which of the much elected and certificated Senators from Louisiana are to be admitted.

The members of the House of Representatives having secured Randall as speaker, are now looking up hard words in the dictionary to hurl at one another.

The opening chorus will be duly reported by PUCK

## Answers for the Anxious.

DOUGH.—Don't.

HASELTINE.—She and she alone.

KIDDOODLE.—There's a place that is offer than off—will you come to that beautiful land?

J. W. F.—We don't know whether anybody could ever bang common sense into you. But we should like to try—with a sledge-hammer.

PINK BLOSSOM.—When you get to be a respectable bud, come to us with your poetry. We don't want any blossoms; they're too fresh for us.

CORINNA.—We're not publishing verses beginning:

"How beautiful and yet how sad—"

no, ma'am, we are not. Not so much as we used to, that is.

McDUFF.—You have historical precedent for laying on. Shakspeare's *Macduff* laid on, he did. But we know a nineteenth-century McDuff, who, if ever he comes fooling around this office, presuming on his ancestry, will be taught that the world has changed, and that all *he* has to do, to keep up the family credit, is to come off.

ESAU.—We don't want any of your paragraphs. They sound like the kind of paragraphs that might be written by a man who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. And if we can judge you from those productions of your genius, Esau, you got a fancy price for that birthright. It wasn't worth a half pint of water-gruel, let alone the fine old chowder Jacob gave you.

LE CLEAR.—As a paragrapher, you are not a success. But you'd be just the man for an Arctic explorer. Perhaps you don't think so, but it's a fact, you would. Try it, anyway. Go up to the North Pole, and if you don't like the climate, go down the other side, and settle in Spitzbergen. But don't send us any paragraphs in Esquimaux, on the strength of this encouragement.

NED SCUPPER.—You are positively growing lucid. The man appointed to read your last production reports your symptoms much more favorable. He thinks that if you continue to improve, you may be able to write for the press in the course of a year or two. Of course, you must be careful. You have sent us now "My Shoes" and "My Hat." By the time you get to "My Chest-Protector," we may be able to use your contributions.



## WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

AND in these days cometh the young man by night to the house of the maiden after whom his soul yearneth. And he bringeth a pocketful of boiled chestnuts. And when the parents of the maiden are gone out of the parlor, the twain sit together until the night is far gone; yea, and they make it comfortable for each other, and they nibble the chestnuts that the young man hath brought with him. But by and by the young woman striketh upon a worm, and the harmony of the meeting is disturbed. And on the next Sabbath another young man bringeth the chestnuts by night.

And now also the temperance lecturer wandereth through the land and denounceth the wine-cup at two hundred dollars a night. And before he goeth in unto the assembly of the godly, who are met together to hear what he hath to say, he telleth those about him: "Lo! I must commune privily with the spirit of righteousness for the space of five minutes." And he goeth apart and communeth, and thereafter he turneth into the back-yard and he hireth with shekels a small boy, and the small boy pumpeth water over the head of the apostle of temperance.

At this season, moreover, the youth who travaileth by day in a dry-goods store sitteth in the evening upon a front-door stoop and watcheth for shooting-stars. And he crooketh his arm around a damsel, and they gaze upon the face of the heavens. And after a time cometh the father of the damsel; and lo! he knoweth the ways and the wonders of the heavens. And he sayeth: "Nay, now; there be no shooting-stars yet for two moons." And he remarketh unto the youth: "Arise and go unto thy own house; or verily it shall come to pass what was spoken of the prophet, saying: The liar shall be caught under the ear, and the deceiver shall be clipped aside of the jaw." And the youth ariseth and goeth unto his own house.

Now also cometh the young man of the city to his tailor, and he saith unto him: "Build me an ulster. And make me a pocket in the sleeve thereof, of the space of three inches wide, that a maiden's hand may go in. And see thou build the pocket right over against my funny-bone. For it shall come to pass that she shall say unto me: Go to, now; and shall tell me that I am horrid, and shall squeeze my arm. And thereat shall I feel good all over."

And at this season the upright men and the leaders of the synagogue assemble and meet together and pay one dollar a day at the five-dollar hotels. And all the daytime they hold council together and discuss the affairs of the church. And when they have resolved that the high priest shall, at his judgment, omit the third stanza of the four-hundred-and-ninety-ninth hymn, they adjourn and close their labors. And in the evening the brother from Podunk meeteth the brother from Skowhegan in the lobby of the theatre. But he believeth not his eyes, that he seeth his brother in the ungodly place; and he recognizeth him not; nay, and he doth not mention it when they are met together on the morrow to discuss the fourth stanza of the four-hundred-and-ninety-ninth hymn.

This is, furthermore, the time when the young man who aspireth to cut a swell in the eyes of the damsels sayeth unto himself: "I will have a moustache." And he sendeth to the fiend who advertiseth in the papers; and he getteth an unguent that is warranted to make the hair grow on the smoothest face in twenty days. And for the rest of the season the upper lip of that young man will be like unto a beefsteak for rawness, and he shall kiss no maiden; nay, neither shall he have any mous-

tache at all. And that shall be the end of that young man. Selah!

And in these days the small boy yearneth to play hookey. And when his yearning is satisfied, he weepeth, and he arraigneth Providence, and he demandeth to know why his extremities were not created of buckskin and india-rubber.

## THE STORY OF HIS NOSE.

HAVE you ever noticed how loth a man with a black eye, or a scraped nose, or an otherwise disfigured face, is to give a truthful account of how he came by his disfigurement?

Goodman had a bridge of scratch over the his nose, and it was considerably swollen all the way up when I saw him last, and I very naturally struck an attitude when we met, and said, "Halloa, Goodman, what's the matter with your nose?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, evasively. Then, thinking perhaps that he had committed himself even by that non-committal reply, he felt his wounded organ and said, in mock surprise: "Why, is there anything the matter with my nose?"

"Why, yes; it looks like a chromo that's been out in the rain all night. The bridge has moved, and strange tints are scattered promiscuously over your eyebrows."

Then he laughed good-naturedly, and said:

"Oh, it's the funniest thing you ever heard. I was riding in a cab last Friday—"

"Never mind the cab, old man, tell us about your nose."

"That's what I am doing. Don't interrupt me. I was riding in a cab, and twisting a two-dollar bill leisurely in my fingers—"

"Where did you get the two-dollar bill from?"

"Don't try to be so funny. I was twisting the two-dollar bill leisurely in my hand, and thinking of nothing in particular—"

"That's where you were wrong."

"When, all of a sudden, quick as a flash of lightning, a hand was thrust into the window, and the two-dollar bill was snatched out of my hand before I could say Jack Robinson—"

"What did you do then?"

"What did I do? why, I jumped out of the cab as quick as I could and made for him. I saw him turning the corner. I dropped my hat, but I didn't mind that. There ain't many that can beat me in a run when I once get started. That chap came the letter S dodge, and started in and about between carts and wagons that were standing near the sidewalk. But I didn't weaken for a cent. I kept right on. The more S's he made the more I made. He finally saw that it was no use; so he turned up another street, and I went after him, calling 'Stop thief!' all the while. Je-rusalem, didn't I put! He threw the two-dollar bill at me; I just stopped to pick it up, and kept on the run. That was more than he expected. I came up to him, reached for him, and clipped him one on the ear. Then I biffed him one under the chin. He gave right in and cried for mercy. So I let up on him and walked back to the cab, got in and drove off."

"But how does that account for your nose?" I asked, when he had finished.

"I'd forgotten about that, sure enough. When I got into the cab, I rubbed the perspiration off my face, and when I looked at my hand I saw it was bloody. 'Hullo, what can this be?' I said to myself; and I looked into the little mirror and I saw my nose was cut. I must have done it when I jumped out. No doubt I bumped myself against the cab-door."

"No doubt," I said. "But look here, Goodman, don't you think that's a leetle too long a

story to give every man who is likely to ask you what's the matter with your nose?"

"What do you mean, sir?" he exclaimed, indignantly. "That's a true story."

"I don't doubt it," I replied; "but it's difficult to go back as far as a two-dollar bill in a cab, and lead up gradually to the cut on your nose, without getting confused, especially as you'll have to tell that story about a hundred times more before you get through. Don't you think you had better come right out and say you had taken just a drop more than was good for you and had run your nose against a brick wall, because the wall wouldn't get out of your way? It isn't so artistic a story as the other, but it doesn't take so long to tell."

He looked contemptuously at me and walked away.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. XXX.

POLITICS.



Ya-as, yer know, being a wepublic, this country is wuled in a verwy differwent manner fwom Gweat Bwitamin. Of course, it isn't the wight way—that would be too widiculous; but there are some

wules and wegulations. A law fellow said I mustn't be ignorwant of these things. This fellow aw has something to do with pwisoners, and twying cases in the American police court, or Westminster Hall. I weally don't know whether he's a cwyer, or a barwon, or a pwisoner—never can tell aw in a court-woom; for American barwisters haven't yet weached that degwee of aw form and bweeding to wear wigs.

In this country there are fellows who are Conservatives and Liberwals, who call themselves Democwats and Wepublicans—anything, yer know, to be differwent fwom Gweat Bwitamin.

Jack Carnegie says that there isn't much differwence of pwinciple; it's only a stwuggle between those fellows who are in office and fellows who are out. Everwybody here more or less is interwested in politics—the fellow who sweeps the stweet and the fellows who are policemen and magistwates. Verwy stwange, by Jove!

Elections he-ah are aw widiculously fwequent. All kinds of fellows for all kinds of positions are in a chwonc state of having votes wecorded for and against them. Irwishmen are invarwiably weturned. I believe the Pope of Wome specially wequests it. And no fellow can pwesume to go in for this sort of thing who doesn't sell wum or some othah aw waw spirwit.

All the fellows who are elected dwaw salaries by appwopwiating the taxes and aw helping themselves. It isn't so twoublesome as the Bwitamin system, although, perwhaps, it's wather maw barbarwous. But it's doosid convenient, when a fellow wobs or murders another fellow, to be twied befaw a aw judge that he helped to elect and place in so pwoud a position. And if he knows the jailor, or the sherwiff, or the jurwy, or the attorney-generwal, or pwesident, he's pwetty sure to have verwy little twouble.

If a fire bweaks out, the firemen, if they are Democwats, won't put it out if the pwoperty belongs to a Wepublican. And if a fellow gets dwunk or commits forgerwy—witing another fellow's name, yer know—the policeman is always careful to find out if there is any differwence in politics befaw he makes the arwest, for he couldn't be a twaitor to his party.

I shall pwobably have something maw to say about politics.



## BITS OF BOUFFE.

## I.

## PERICHOLE AND PIQUILLO.

**P**iquillo and la Périchole wandered together through Peru.

Piquillo was a tenor and la Périchole was a soprano, and they sang for a living.

Their traveling accoutrements consisted of two guitars and a horn-handled jackknife. The chief characteristic of their luggage was an entire absence of marriage certificate.

But they agreed with Mr. William Morris that Love was Enough—except about meal-times, when la Périchole was apt to take wider views of the subject.

Piquillo, however, being a tenor and an artist, was quite satisfied to live on an onion a day and satisfied affection.

La Périchole had youth, beauty and a fine appetite. Piquillo was neither rich, pretty nor amiable. He was, however, jealous, which was probably a recommendation in the eyes of la Périchole.

Whenever they came to a town, Piquillo and la Périchole called the people together, and gave a concert in the open air. Then la Périchole passed round the hat, while Piquillo watched to see if anybody winked at her.

This is the style of song they sang:

## THE CONQUEROR AND THE INDIAN MAID.

The victor brave said to the Indian beauty:

"You see, my dear, that I'm your conqueror;

Yet will I make your protection my duty,

And you are free as e'er you were before.

Go tell your aboriginal relations,

My lofty virtue is my highest card;

And I may add (*bis*) to these few observations:

I can make love, for I'm a Span-i-ard."

At these remarks, so tenderly beguiling,

A sympathetic tear the maid let fall;

Then murmured, lifting up her eyes and smiling:

"I don't think you're so horrid, after all!"

One year we'll pass—

A scene of peaceful pleasure,

Domestic bliss, by no dissension marred,

Two parents sing (*bis*) beside their infant treasure:

"He'll get along, 'for he's a Span-i-ard!"

Which shows clearly that Mr. Anthony Comstock could make himself actively useful in Peru.

One day, after they had been singing this song in the streets of Lima, Piquillo went off by himself to forage for something to eat, and la Périchole, being faint and hungry, lay down on a cellar door to await his return.

Her beauty, her position, and her pensive air attracted the attention of the Viceroy of Peru, who chanced to be passing through the streets of the city incognito, accompanied by two of his courtiers.

He entered into conversation with the young lady, and finding her even more agreeable at close range, he began a desperate flirtation.

The Viceroy was fat and fifty, and the heart of la Périchole was true to Piquillo; but when the old gentleman suggested dinner, she weakened on the sufficiency of Love. The Viceroy offered her an endless succession of dinners and a suite of rooms in the vice-regal palace, with all the modern conveniences.

There is no utility in investigating the mental processes by which woman arrives at her conclusions. La Périchole left the cellar door, and told the Viceroy to order dinner.

Just here her new friend's amiable intentions met with a temporary check. His courtiers called his attention to the fact that court-etiquette did not permit him to lavish the particular honor intended for la Périchole on any but a married lady.

But the Viceroy was a man of too much fertility of resource to let this stand in his way.

He admitted the point; and gave his obedient attendants twenty-five minutes to bring la Périchole up to the required standard.

Meanwhile la Périchole had been thinking the matter over. She felt rather troubled in mind about leaving Piquillo. She thought it might make him feel badly. It sometimes does make a man feel badly to have his girl leave him. So, while the Viceroy was talking with his courtiers, she sat down and wrote a nice little letter of adieu to Piquillo, and contrived to have it conveyed to that gentleman. This done, she went to dinner with the Viceroy, feeling a great weight off her conscience.

Piquillo received the letter, and read it with interest. It ran thus:

O my love! my life! I adore thee,  
Thou alone, love, hast all my heart.  
Thou art loved as was none before thee—  
But misery tells us to part.

No doubt can there be, no mistaking—  
How long could this last thus, oh say?  
'Tis better—my heart is breaking!—  
To separate now and for aye.

Dost think Love can languish much longer  
On crusts that the dogs will not bite?  
Is the heart or hunger the stronger?  
Can affection crush appetite?

I'm weak and a woman, I own it—  
But I know that Love must be fed.  
Too late 'twould have been to have known it  
When Love and myself were both dead.

If these words seem hard, I am sorry;  
But what then, my dear, is the cure?  
Indeed, you have no cause to worry;  
I'll take care of myself, be sure.

Ah, farewell! When thy heart's resigned me;  
Unchanged, Love will linger in mine—  
PERICHOLE,  
(signed through tears that blind me)  
Who loves—but who cannot be thine.

When Piquillo had finished reading this modest utterance of a breaking heart, he howled and swore and tore his hair.

Then he remarked: "She will take care of herself! I'll show her what I think of her capacity for taking care of herself."

He unsung his guitar, and tied one end of the ribbon to a hook in a wall. Then he got up on a stool that stood conveniently near, and tied the other end of the ribbon around his neck. He meant to jump off the stool; but at this point he hesitated. It occurred to him that this might not be the right kind of stool to jump off of. He was still hesitating, when a passer-by stumbled against him and knocked the stool from under him.

But the guitar-ribbon being of elastic, (formerly used by la Périchole as a *honi-soit-qui-mal-y-pense*), the tragedy did not come off as expected.

The intention, however, was unmistakable, and the stranger, who chanced to be one of the courtiers hunting for a husband for la Périchole, saw that he had his man.

He suggested marriage to the desperate wretch whose first attempt at suicide had failed. Piquillo was reckless, and he consented. But he felt that for this ordeal his courage was scarcely adequate, and he departed with the courtier to brace up.

When the wedding party met on the public square, there was an aroma of spirits in the air.

La Périchole and the Viceroy had dined at a neighboring restaurant. They had also looked upon the wine when it was red within the cup, and had put it where it couldn't be looked at any more.

The two notaries, who had been sent for to perform the ceremony, were men of intemperate habits. When they arrived, they lacked sobriety to such an extent as to excite general comment.

But when Piquillo arrived, he was so braced up that his condition can be described only by

a brief chorus which was sung by the assembled populace:

All the others were pretty tight;  
But this man here, he is so tight  
That by himself he is more tight  
Than all the others who were tight.

It was under these circumstances that the ceremony was performed, and the happy couple escorted to the palace of the Viceroy.

On awaking, the next morning, Piquillo found himself Marquis de Manganares and Baron de Tabago, and the possessor of a new suit of clothes and a cake of soap. He discovered, later in the day, to whom he had been married the previous evening. He also discovered the interior significance of the entire transaction. At the afternoon session of the court, on being requested to assist at the formal presentation of the Baroness de Tabago, he expressed his ideas and opinions, general and particular, with a vigor and directness of style that led to his prompt incarceration in a gloomy dungeon.

From the courtier who conducted him to the recalcitrant husbands' dungeon, Piquillo learned that these little affairs were of frequent occurrence at the court of Lima, and that his own breach of etiquette was quite without precedent, the average Peruvian husband having got quite accustomed to that sort of thing.

The courtiers expressed their appreciation of his originality and independence in the following chansonnette:

All husbands once with submission  
Would bow the knee to Majesty;  
But you have spurned him with derision,  
And dared to cry: "Not for me!"  
We thought the bribe sure would blind you,  
But your virtue is intact:  
Nothing more than a fool we find you—  
We compliment you on the fact.

We admire your wrath courageous  
Advantageous  
To the gen'ral commonweal'.  
Take, then, though in vilest durance,  
The assurance  
Of most sincere regard we feel.

When the courtiers had sung this, they went away, leaving Piquillo to repose on his pallet of straw.

In this rather monotonous amusement he was interrupted by the entrance of la Périchole.

He at first received her coldly, and meditated upon the propriety of inflicting corporal punishment upon her. But he melted when she protested that she was still faithful to him alone, and sung this touching and complimentary solo:

"You've not the fairest of all faces;  
Not wit enough to keep you sweet.  
A mountebank has greater graces—  
A clown who tumbles in the street.  
Of talent no amount alarming  
Have you to guarantee your fame;  
Of all one should have to be charming  
You've not a bit, yet, all the same—

I adore thee, brigand, disgraceful though it be;  
I adore thee, nor can I live and not love thee!"

He then became reconciled to the situation, and the two agreed to escape. They attempted to bribe a small jailor with a long head; but no sooner had they disclosed their plans than the jailor threw off his beard and disclosed the features of the Viceroy, who called his attendants and had the two lovers chained to opposite sides of the dungeon.

They were then left there to cool; but they indulged in a defiant chorus:

King knee-high to a grasshopper,  
We're your petty power above:  
We do not care (*bis*)—not a copper—  
Do you hear—  
We love, we love!

Fortunately, they were found by a venerable prisoner, who had been so long underground



that he had mildewed; and who was now digging his way to freedom with a small penknife. He did this because he did not like his present mode of life.

The old prisoner released Piquillo and la Périchole, and the latter sang a syren strain to allure the Viceroy to the dungeon.

He came, expecting to find Périchole converted to his own views of the case. He was promptly seized, gagged and bound to a post, while his captives took his keys and escaped, resuming their pleasing refrain:

"King knee-high to a grasshopper!"

Their flight was soon discovered, and the monarch was released from his unpleasant position.

The fugitives were then so hotly pursued that they thought it best to give themselves up, and they accordingly sought out the Viceroy and threw themselves at his feet, imploring his pardon with a cheek only possible to musicians. It should be stated that the venerable prisoner had also a musical weakness. He played on the bassoon.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this audacity touched a sympathetic chord in the Viceroy's soul.

He took the matter into consideration.

Piquillo appeared to be inseparably wedded to Love, self-respect, la Périchole and garlic; and he was not in any way a handy man to have round a count.

He himself, the Viceroy further reflected, was getting old. There was an element of vivacity in la Périchole's nature which he felt to be not exactly in consonance with his own tastes.

He wanted peace and quiet, and he saw no great likelihood of obtaining either while this musical couple remained on hand.

Besides, he had always held that virtue ought to be rewarded.

So he gave his Viceroyal forgiveness, and wiped away a silent tear, in thinking of the might-have-been and the wasn't; and Piquillo and la Périchole took up a collection and proceeded on their journey, where we will not follow them, as they are now respectably married, and comparatively uninteresting.

## THAT COW OF MINE.

I AM a woman of peace and ruralistic proclivities, but I would dearly love to waste a soap-stick on the man who sold that idiotic husband of mine that cow. Our removal out to Fifteen Hundredth Street developed all my latent passions for pigs, poultry, and cow. I am free to say that when the cow came home all my preconceived ideas of the origin of milk received a shock excelled only by the shock I acquired in the pursuit of further knowledge on the subject.

This is the way I received knowledge—a black eye and a lacerated temper.

The maid who manipulated the milking-pail had gone to attend a convention of her cousins, and I undertook to perform a solo on that cow.

She was in the back yard when I went out with the bucket. Was disposed to be sociable and put her nose in the vessel with familiarity, and took it out with disgust, because there was nothing there to eat. Then she shouted in my face like a Brooklyn-bridge mason out of mortar. I undertook to go around to the other end of her, but she turned too, and when I caught her tail she turned me over the wood-horse and howled at me again for falling.

I called her pet names, and bestowed upon her endearing epithets, but she was obdurate.

I have mechanical ideas, although my husband says I can't tell a cart from a coffee-mill.

With the clothes-line I tied that cow's tail to a post of the wash-house shed and sat down to milk to the best of my ability, which, I am afraid, was not comprehensive. My first effort induced her to put her foot in my lap. I remonstrated, and she put it in my eye. Then she howled again and pulled. At this point I lost interest in the proceedings. The doctor says that if her tail had come out the shed wouldn't have fallen on me; and my husband says if he hadn't married a calico idiot he wouldn't have had to pay fifty dollars for carpenters and doctors. I am getting better. I will probably be able to make myself understood in about a week—then there is a cow and a man who will know it without a dictionary.

RURAL JANE.

## AN AUTUMNAL ODE.

(TO MY LANDLADY.)

NOW sweetly Autumn lingers  
In the valley lone and still,  
And unseen fairy fingers  
Sprinkle gold upon the hill.  
Now music, richer, stronger,  
Through the russet bowers flows—  
Sweet Philomel no longer  
Serenades the dewy rose.

Frosts turn the red leaves brighter,  
Winds bear them far and near,  
While lilies grow still whiter  
On the zephyr-dimpled mere.  
Old Boreas' icy fether  
Weighs down the skies of lead,  
And so I think you'd better  
Put a blanket on my bed.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

— Columbia hopes its football twenty will make a good score.

— They now call the college prizes for rowing, skullerships.

— The freshmen seem generally as afraid of Haze as the machine politicians.

— A Columbia freshman thinks the old Greek councilors were Boulé boys.

— The Assistant Professor of English Literature at Yale is one Beers. But most of the students prefer two Beers.

— Rifle-shooting is growing in favor among the fresh-water colleges, and it is placed under the direct supervision of the professor of Trigonometry.

— A member of the Judge and Jury Club of the Columbia Law School has come to the conclusion that Justinian's novels were the first legal fictions.

— PROF. "Can you tell me who was the greatest German philosopher?"

STUDENT. "Can't, sir."

PROF. "Kant, of course."

— Harvard is going in strong for football, and is getting together a fine team of kickers; but victory seems hopeless unless they can secure Mlle. Sara as captain.

— There is a young man in the senior class at Columbia who took a cup too much last year. He received the Goodwood although he was not the choice of the class.

— There was some talk of making Levy professor of music in an eastern college, but a senior said conclusively that he would never make a professor, he was only a Tutor.

— Harvard freshman take great delight in the Agassiz collections. They think it is as good as a menagerie or a circus for nothing. What they particularly enjoy, however, are the shells and skulls.

— The first-year students at the College of Physicians and Surgeons have made a happy discovery. They have found out that, by a curious coincidence, what we call the funny-bone is in Latin the humerus.

— One of the fresh water colleges has a baseball club which got itself very badly beaten just before commencement, and this made particularly pertinent the text of the president's baccalaureate: "Where are the nine?"

— The sub-freshman racks his brain to find the right translation of this elegant piece of Latinity: "Quis crudus enim albus et espiravit." But the sophomore wise in his own conceit at once ejaculates: "Who raw for the read, white and blew."

— A German professor of music has written on essay on the "Influence of Beer on Music" with quotations, we suppose, from Auber, Weber, and Meyerbeer. One student said he did not know enough of mathematics to criticise it on lager-rhythmic principles.

HE came into the office with a rush. "I have an idea for a picture," he gasped. "What is it?—quick!" asked our artist, ever on the *qui vive* for ideas. "Cleopatra's needle has been lost, you know. How would it do to have that needle at the bottom of the sea, kicking round among the mermaids, crying, 'I want to go home'?" Before our artist had time to begin his drawing, the man with the idea was sitting on the front side-walk, making a rough sketch of what kicked him.

A BERKS COUNTY, Pa., shoemaker manufactures medicated boots. Because of their adaptability for heeling we suppose.

## PUCK'S STAGE SKETCHES,

VII.

### "THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN."

M R. SOTHERN, in the character of *Fitzaltamont*, the Crushed Tragedian, has at last secured that for which his young and ambitious soul has been thirsting for years. As a practical joker off the stage, that distinguished actor's fame has spread over all the civilized and some portions of the uncivilized world. He has now extended the sphere of his usefulness in this particular line into the very soul of the drama. He appears nightly in a rôle that is a practical joke on histrionism in general.

We present *Mr. Fitzaltamont* to the public in the pose of meek and unobtrusive resignation which has become habitual with him. We append to the picture his own gentle and appealing remonstrance. It is our desire to excite the sympathies of the public on behalf of *Mr. Fitzaltamont*. We feel sure that our citizens have sufficient kindness of heart and appreciation of artistic effort to extend to *Mr. Fitzaltamont* that encouragement which he deserves.

But we may as well add that that sympathy must vanish when *Fitzaltamont* emerges from the stage-door; for a more rampant "crushed" tragedian than *Mr. E. A. Sothern*, in *propria persona*, was never let loose in the dramatic field.





THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.



## PUCK'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

### CHAPTER XII.

1816 AN OFF-YEAR IN POLITICS.—TOMPKINS VICE-PRESIDENT. — SEMINOLES CONTUMACIOUS. — ARRIVAL OF JACKSON. — SEMINOLES LESS CONTUMACIOUS THAN BEFORE.—RETURN OF CIRCUS.—FRESHNESS OF MONROE.

Mr. James Monroe was elected President of the United States in 1816. The peculiar characteristic of the year 1816 was its utter lack of circus. There was but one political party in the country. This party was the Democratic. Of course this occasioned a monotonous and uninteresting uniformity in political life. All the statesmen wore their hair short, and spoke with a brogue; and all the members of Congress spelled their names in italics.

In the year 1817 the Seminole Indians became troublesome. It is supposed that the original cause of trouble was a couple of Boston tourists, who went down to Florida, where the Seminoles resided, and insisted on mispronouncing the name of the tribe. They said the accent ought to go on the ante-penultimate. The Seminoles objected to being called *Sem-in-o-les*, and remonstrated with the representatives of Boston culchah to the extent of removing the air of one tourist.

It was not any petty spirit of partiality which impelled them to resort to this mode of argument in only one case.

The other was a bald Bostonian.

But beans alone could not wipe out the insult. The chief of the Seminoles felt himself yet unavenged. He wanted *blood*; and he scalped and massacred all the white men on whom he could lay his hands, including harmless and respectable Philadelphians and Baltimoreans.

Jackson was therefore sent to Florida to reason with the Seminoles. He arrived in due time, and commenced a calm and dispassionate argument. The few Seminoles left when Jackson had finished stating his case with that judicial placidity for which he was distinguished, expressed themselves thoroughly convinced of the correctness of his ideas.

But, in explaining his position to the Seminole Indians, Jackson was obliged to trespass on Spanish territory; the Spaniards being at that time the proprietors of Florida. So the high-toned chivalrous hidalgos became indignant and objected to Jackson's presence. Jackson wasn't a Spanish scholar, but he explained his sentiments to the Spaniards by means of dumb show. His nose, which was Roman, and an extempore fan, made out of his five fingers, constituted Jackson's pantomimic vocabulary.

The haughty Spaniards construed this diplomatic communication as a token of disrespect; and, though they were not angry, they felt so hurt and aggrieved that they did not fully recover their spirits until they had sold Florida to the United States for five million dollars.

Florida was, at that period, worth, at a liberal valuation, about 25 cents in nickels.

It may be mentioned here that the Spaniards did not deliver the goods until two years after the sale.

In the year 1820 the political arena was again enlivened by a circus of extensive proportions.

Missouri applied for admission to the Union. The inhabitants of the Southern States were slave-holders. That is, they owned black men and women, whom they regarded as chattels, like the festive billy-goat and the misanthropic mule. Their ideas on this subject were grounded on Scripture. They were the out-growth of high moral principles. It was not from selfish motives that they kept slaves; it was because they thought it a duty enjoined upon them by the divine revelation; and also because they thought it was a



YOUNG AMERICA.

NELLIE: "Mama, hurry up, please. I think there's somebody following Me."

good thing for the slaves. They wanted to spread this unique and interesting little gospel of their own in Missouri. The people of the northern States, who had not the elevated morality of the southerners, objected to any efforts in the Missouri region.

Thence arose unpleasantness in the family.

The chivalric Southron invented the euphonious term of "mudsills," and flung it at his northern brethren. This was because the northern people could not understand that slavery was a divinely ordained institution. But they were not any more enlightened by the lingual inventiveness of their southern friends.

This showed great ignorance and stupidity, as well as bad taste on the part of the north.

Finally the two parties agreed to patch up the difference, and leave it to the next generation to settle.

The next generation settled it, and the bill is not paid yet.

By the "Missouri Compromise" of 1820 slavery was prohibited in certain parts of the United States. This bill has since been amended.

It was at the beginning of Mr. Monroe's second term that the volatile South American Republic pirouetted to the front, and assumed the important place in history which it has since occupied.

All South America was at this period revolting. Patsey Bolivar was the leading revoluter.

The South Americans had not then acquired the skill and precision in the revolting line which they can now boast. They were crude, so to speak; and but few countries were able to get up more than two revolutions a day.

Still, the undeveloped talent was there, and President Monroe recognized it.

He said: "These people are going to build up a fine newspaper industry some day. They must be encouraged."

Accordingly the United States Congress encouraged them, and they have been going on in their vivacious way ever since.

But in extending a helping hand to the apostles of freedom and variety down in South America, President Monroe managed to make himself unpopular with all the crowned heads of Europe. With singular fatuity, he permitted himself to indulge in a casual remark that he thought America ought to belong to Americans.

This was very presumptuous in Mr. Monroe.

For many years Europe had considered America as her rightful dumping-ground. She shipped all her convicts here. Hither she transported her natural-born idiots and her paragraphs. Her Eliperkinses, her Sergeant Bateses, and all similar social superfluities, she bundled over to this country. Then, when the air had to some extent reformed and civilized them, and they had developed the country, Europe claimed as her own the territory they occupied. This she considered her inalienable prerogative.

This being the case, Mr. Monroe's heretical audacity was severely condemned by the statesmen of Europe. They considered it impertinent and undiplomatic, and worthy of the severest reprehension.

It took forty-seven years and a decapitated Mexican emperor to change the opinion of the European statesmen.

[To be continued.]



16. MAY  
COUP DE TÊTE

CHAMBRE DE

25 JUNE  
DISSOLUTION

GAGGING  
the PRESS  
— — —  
NO PUBLIC  
MEETINGS  
— — —  
ETAT  
DE  
SIÈGE



ATTACK.

BATTLE.





DEFEAT.

BATTLE.





## THEATRICAL RESUME.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24th, '77.

Dear Puck:

New York is not itself at all. Was there ever a theatrical season known to start in with so few attractions and such slim prospects?

Beyond "The Crushed Tragedian" now rushing on to his hundredth night, and "Rip Van Winkle" announcing his first—what is there bright in the theatrical firmament? Nothing. The season's out of joint.

"Marriage" at Wallack's has failed to make the hit that was anticipated; but it has reached that extremely monotonous stage of existence, where it pays expenses and a little over, so that the management can afford to treat in disdain all the lyings and prayers of disappointed enthusiasts. It pursues the even tenor of its way in an annoying and obstinate manner.

The good acting of Mr. Plympton, Mr. Beckett, Mrs. Sefton, Miss Boniface, Mr. Holland and Miss Coghlan are perhaps some recompense for deficiencies elsewhere.

This is the last week of "Struck Oil." I can hardly be made to believe in the overwhelming success of this play. The management flaunts astonishing figures about receipts and all that sort of thing—but I am a little skeptical when I hear the manager's voice. I know the Williamsons get \$1,100 a week for their services; and I can conscientiously say that in themselves they are worth it, but I cannot refrain from observing that they would be worth it all the more if they were not playing in "Struck Oil." In the "Chinese Question," produced on Saturday night, Mr. Williamson gave really artistic impersonations of a California rough and a Chinaman. Mr. Williamson's reputation fortunately does not depend on the success of "Struck Oil." We remember him as the conscientious and versatile actor at Wallack's. It is only to be regretted that so able a member of the profession should not appear in plays worthy of his ability. He is seconded in a manner alike fascinating and clever by his charming wife.

Upon the withdrawal of "Struck Oil," "Pink Dominoes" is to be revived. This is to be followed by Sardou's play of "Seraphine," translated by Cazauran, and called "The Mother's Secret." We are not to have Thorne in the part of the illegitimate husband, he having declined to play it. In his stead we shall see Mr. Coghlan, who, though a masterly actor, is not altogether well-placed in the rôle. The part came very near falling into the hands of Mr. Henry Crisp, and but for a fortunate concession by Mr. Coghlan on a point more personal than need be told, such would have been the assignment. I look forward with considerable anxiety to this production. So far as the ladies of the cast are concerned, I prophesy an artistic success; for Miss Rogers's intelligent force, and Miss Jewett's natural sweetness and artistic grace, will show to the best advantage.

Mr. Stephen Fiske has "Sidonie" in preparation at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Later on, Messrs. Crane and Robson will appear in a new and amusing production, with Mr. James Lewis in the cast. New York will certainly then have an astonishing trio.

But this is only prospective. At present we must content ourselves with a fair opera company, now holding the boards of that theatre.

In the coming "Rip Van Winkle" production, at Booth's, Mr. Joseph Jefferson is to be sup-

ported by the Fifth Avenue Company and Miss Minnie Palmer—that petite specimen of dramatic loveliness having been especially engaged.

There is some talk of producing at Wallack's, after "Marriage" has been shelved, Bulwer's unfinished play "The House of Darnley," which Mr. Coghlan has completed. If this be so, there will be something to look forward to, at all events.

Expectantly yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P. S.—In the meanwhile, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that same old Cabin, is running at the Grand Opera House, with the coolness and imperturbability of the most startling novelty in the world.

S. D.



## DRAMATIC NOTES.

HART JACKSON is Stephen Fiske's business manager. They are a young and promising pair.

BRANSCOMBE THE BEAUTIFUL proposes to travel with Chas. F. Pidgin's new play of "Sis". Sis-te Viatrix!

STUART ROBSON and Wm. Crane are playing in Philadelphia. This double-barreled mirth-raiser has been a success.

THE BROADWAY does not intend to go "Under the Sea," as before announced. It means to keep its head above water.

MISS LOUISE POMEROY opens at Col. Sinn's, Brooklyn, Nov. 7th, in "Gemma," an adaptation from the French, by Julian Magnus. Another triumph for the Franco-American drama.

THE Amateur Season is opening. An extra-fine crop of *Julias* and *Paulines* is confidently looked for this year; and it is expected that the gentlemen who make a specialty of *Hamlet* will also be heard from.

CHARLES R. THORNE, JR., is to go to San Francisco with a portion of the Union Square Company. There will be a rush of vigor to the California stage, when Charles strikes it, that will astonish the natives.

JEFFERSON comes to Booth's, under Augustin Daly's management, on the 29th. "Under the Gaslight" will be played on Saturday nights during his engagement. This gives Jefferson a rest, and enables Mr. Daly to remind the world that he still lives.

TEXAS JACK is playing at the Bowery, and drawing large houses to witness the drama of gunpowder and scalps. Mr. T. Jack throws a great deal of vigor into his impersonation, and gives his audience their money's worth in muscular acting.

"THE MOTHER'S SECRET," which is the name finally decided on for "Seraphine," will be played at the Union Square on the first of November. The play is not to be deodorized, as in Mr. Rannion's version, but is to be given in pretty nearly all its original vigor.

"MARRIAGE" is doing a good business at Wallack's. Beckett is funnier, and Montague more easy with his legs than at first. Miss Stella Boniface presents a charming and delicate sketch of *Fanny Tarbox*. Miss Pearl Eytinge gives circus and menagerie as *Rosalie*.

AN English reformer, who was sent to this country to agitate against capital punishment, went lately to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and has cabled back to the society which employs him that he has experienced a change of views, and wants to be released from his engagement.

MISS LILIAN CLARK, better known to New York audiences as Miss Lilian Cleves, is traveling with the Kate Claxton troupe. Her performance of *Henriette*, in the "Two Orphans," meets with praise equal to that bestowed on Miss Claxton herself. But the provincial critic is susceptible.

MANAGER FISKE made his bow on Monday evening, October 15th, and introduced to the New York public the Hess English Opera Company in Ambrose Thomas's "A Summer Night's Dream." The *ensemble* is exceedingly good and Miss Melville is a cultivated and conscientious artist. Shakspeare and Queen Elizabeth figure as characters in a manner which requires some stretch of imagination to reconcile. PUCK again wishes Manager Fiske the best of luck at the elegant Fifth Avenue Theatre.

"The Crushed Tragedian" has been reconstructed. But his depressed characteristics still remain. He has, however, become, if possible, more attractive than ever in his new dress at the Park Theatre, and Mr. Sothern's success is prodigious. The company supporting him is notable for each member's individual adaptability to his or her rôle. Mr. Geo. Holland deserves especial mention for very neat bit of acting in the self-created part of *Captain Rackett*, the deaf old beau.

AMONG the successes scored by recent debutantes, that of Miss Kate Forsyth, who first appeared in public at Mr. Geo. Holland's benefit in Philadelphia last year, and who has since joined Mr. Albaugh's company in Albany, is worthy of mention. Miss Forsyth is well known and popular in the best society circles of Philadelphia. PUCK's encouragement is cheerfully given; especially as it must be stated to her credit that she did *not*, on the occasion of her first appearance, hire a theatre to play five acts of *Juliet*.

IT MUST be unpleasant for a man, after he has been running about the city for a month, puffing his own play with a freshness which would make a new-born daisy seem blasé and sophisticated, to have a cruel and inquisitive press arise and give away the fact that the play is a steal from the German. But it must be difficult to picture his sensation when he said press goes on to expose the fact that he doesn't know a word of German, either. We wish it distinctly understood that these remarks have no reference to a young man by the name of McKenna and a play by the name "Our Oddities."

WE don't need any goose-bone or ground-hog to tell us that there is winter in the air. We have other sources of information. Lager is getting to be cold and heavy on the stomach, and the gay and festive schooner is no longer the reservoir of cheerfulness and content that it was two short months ago.

THERE is no use in saying that Nature doesn't favor one individual more than another. Look, for instance, at the man who can put five cents into the contribution box with more liberal grace than his next neighbor can throw into two-dollar donation.



## MEMOIRS OF A SUICIDE.

I AM sorry to confess it, but I'm melancholy and choleric.

But I have cause to be so. Ever since my earliest infancy I have been pursued by the confoundedest bad luck that mortal ever knew—I can't lose my life.

I have tried to remedy the thing. I have committed suicide seven times, but in vain. Seven times? Pshaw! That's not counting the little insignificant failures that happen to suicides every day—such as a revolver that won't go off—ropes that break, and being fished out of the water. I don't take such trumpery cases into consideration.

I once set out for foreign countries, where the guillotine was in use, in order to kill a few people and then be officially put to death. But my trunks were scarcely packed, and I had hardly taken my hat to say farewell, before the news came that in those countries capital punishment had been abolished.

I won't count *these* cases, either.

In 1864 I resolved to join the Northern Army in defense of my country, and be blown into rattling eternity. Before I reached the seat of war, Richmond had surrendered.

I strove anew. In 1866 I joined the Prussians in defense of some other fellow's country—just in time for the signing of a treaty of peace. At Sedan, I flew around loose among the Chassepots, the Metrailluses and the Needle guns, but the ungrateful bullets steered clear of me. Not one solitary, miserable ball came anywhere near me! I might as well have been a thousand miles off. Wasn't this enough to rile a man to death? But I wouldn't even rile—to that extent.

But, as I said before, I shan't count those trivial attempts.

But seven times I *did* commit suicide.

Once for sheer obstinacy.

Four times through blighted affections.

Once for debt.

Once through rage.

I was only five years old the first time, and lived four flights up.

I was at that time the most consummately head-strong little cuss that ever chewed gum.

One summer's day I sat by the window; Polly, the servant, was just going out for a pint of molasses. I cried, and wanted her to take me with her. I couldn't go. I howled. I knew that if she took me I'd get a chance to lick some of the molasses off the pitcher. My mother boxed my ears just as Polly reached the street.

Didn't I squeal then, though. I turned blue in the face with fury. I ran to the window and jumped out.

Four stories high! Stones piled up on the pavement below tremendously! What a glorious opportunity! But it didn't work. There was a hook in the wall, two stories high, and I hung on that hook!

They unhooked me, slid me through the window, and carried me to my mother. She hugged me and kissed me, and cried and moaned, and rejoiced at my rescue. Then she went for a switch and walloped me!

Ah, it pains me yet,—the thought, that I did not lose my life!

The second time I fell in love with a young blonde. It was in front of a church when I saw her first. She was stepping out of a bridal-carriage to be married to a strange gentleman at her side. Carried away by her charms, I stepped in her path. I told her I could not live without her. I asked her if she would leave my hated rival and become *mine*. She said no, and called me crazy.

I was spurned. Unhappy love—you led me to suicide!

Knowing as I did already then, that ordinary measures would not avail in my case, I resorted to stringent ones.

I went to the druggist's, bought a big bottle of prussic-acid, came home, lay down calmly on the sofa, took a final farewell of the world, poured out half a pint of the acid in a sugar-pitcher, and gulped it down at one gulp.

It tasted good enough, but after a few moments the blood came rushing into my head, my veins seemed filled with fire, the room turned upside down, my senses left me, and I was dead.

At least I thought I was.

Who can picture my astonishment the next morning, when I woke up and found myself alive?

Indignant, raving, I tried to jump out of bed. But I couldn't. I felt wretched; everything about me seemed to be tossing around as if it was on the waves of the ocean; a thousand sledge-hammers were pounding away inside of my head, and my eyes and my ears seemed to have struck work. I groaned as loudly as I could—in fact, that was *all* I could do—which brought my landlady in. That weak-brained woman mistook my complaint. She administered pickles, and beefsteak, and seltzer, and capers, and a lot of other stuff, which I had to take whether I wanted to or not. That crazy creature thought I had been on a tear all night. But the strangest of all is, the remedies cured me.

In the evening I had so far recovered as to get out of bed. I took the bottle with what remained of the fluid, and tottered, boiling over with rage, to the druggist's.

"What do you mean, sir," I gasped furiously, "by selling me such prussic-acid as this?"

He gave one look at the bottle, then he stared at me and snickered.

"By Jiminy," he said, with a grin, "I *have* made a mistake. I sold you our best imported brandy. You owe me fifty cents more!"

I had to pay the fifty cents, and then went home to bed. I felt too ill to attempt another suicide then, but the whole affair made me so angry, that I registered a vow never in my life to fall in love with a blonde again.

And I kept the oath.

The next time I fell in love, it was with a jet-black beauty.

That is to say, her hair was of that color; but her face was as white as the flour which her father, who was a grocer, had for sale.

I felt that I could not live without her. I confessed my love, and sued for her hand.

"But, my dear sir, you must be out of your wits," she answered, half amazed, half indignant. "Do you not know that I have been married for the past fortnight, and that I am only spending the honeymoon here with my husband?"

"I hadn't known it. How could I have known it? I had only arrived in the city that morning myself. Spurned again! My heart's affections blighted once more! In my madness, I resolved upon ending my miserable existence.

This time the railway, the contemptible railway which had brought me to my present destination, should be the agent of the fell deed.

At night, when all was so dark that one could scarcely see his hand in front of his eyes, much less an unfortunate lover in front of a locomotive, I lay, far away from the city, at the loneliest spot on the road, face downward upon the track, and waited for death in pleasant expectation.

Ah! sure enough! I heard it coming! Snorting and puffing! Nearer and nearer! Louder and louder! That midnight accommodation train! I bade the world adieu once more and closed my eyes. One moment of terrible sus-

pense! And then was heard such a crashing and smashing that every bone in my body seemed smashed into smithereens.

I was dead, do you think? Not by a yard and a half! Before the train had turned at a bend not a hundred feet off, there had been a collision! The cars were knocked into splinters before they reached me.

I got up, looked at the ruin that ought to have been pieces of *me*—and walked away. The road was so obstructed that it would have been folly to have lain in waiting to be run over any more that night. Saved again, I resolved, in my rage, never to love a jet-black beauty again. I kept my word, for Honoria, the fairy ballet-girl, whom next I adored, was golden-brown!

She was entrancing; and she loved me, oh, so dearly. She told me so, many and many a time.

But she eloped with the light comedian, who wrote me a letter, offering as an indemnity the wife he had left behind him. She played the heavies in the same company, and was gradually emerging into first old woman.

Feeling that I could not live without Honoria, I resolved to die.

I cannot deny that fear also contributed towards this resolve—for the heavy woman might decide, at any moment, on carrying out her husband's wishes regarding me. Late at night I wandered solitary to the most deserted spot on the brink of the river, tied a heavy rock about me, stuck a towel into my mouth, bound my hands and feet as firmly as I could, and toddled out into the deep river. By an unfortunate chance, a steam-yacht on a mid-night excursion, came puffing down the river. The stream carried me a few yards in front of it. The anchor, hanging down to the water's surface, caught me by the coat-collar just as I was about to sink, and there—up to my chin in the water, without being able to liberate myself, or call for help—I was saved again. For three hours they dragged me along in this way, until that miserable yacht stopped, and, as they were about to heave the anchor, they caught sight of me. They dragged me out of the water—half dead.

Only *half* dead, alas! The cold bath gave me such a cold that I didn't get over sneezing for a week after; but hanging on to the anchor in the middle of the ocean I registered a vow never to love a brown-haired girl again!

But, after some time had elapsed, I felt the want of affection. For what is the canvass of life without the tints of love? But that was just where the trouble lay. What tint was there left that I hadn't tried? I had exhausted blonde, brunette, and black—there was nothing but red left. Fate smiled, and I found my fair one. Flaminia's braided locks glistened like strips of the sky at sunset, and the top of her head shone like bengal fire. I would tell you here that I fell dead in love with her, but it was impossible for me to fall dead under any circumstances. I might further feel inclined to add that for her sake I should willingly have resigned my life; but resigning it was a futile task. But when I said to her, beaming with inspiration: "Flaminia, if you will return my passion you will make me the happiest mortal on the face of the earth. Will you say 'yes'?" She said "no." I was in despair, and, feeling that I could not live without Flaminia, I resolved to take my life. This time I would try it choking to death over stove-coal gas. I went to work and got myself ready with the precision and deliberation which previous experiences had proved necessary. I made the window air-tight with plaster-of-Paris, stuffed the key-holes with wax, and piled coal enough into the stove to have choked the life out of a whole regiment.

(To be continued.)



## Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

By FRANK BARRETT.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.

(CONTINUED.)

A HOMELY proverb came to her mind relative to a silk purse and an animal's ear; and she saw how profitless is the attempt to aspire to the condition of the great with no faculties to raise one above the common. She sat down, thinking long and deeply, and the conviction grew stronger. The home indulgence, and later, the flattery and encouragement bestowed by her grandfather, the homage of all men—everything tended to raise her self-esteem unduly. It was the secret of her dislike and scorn for the girls of the ordinary type. But for her vanity she would not have exposed herself to her cousin's contempt and her own. What other errors yet more fatal might she not fall into, if she did not resolutely fix her eyes upon herself in her real character! There was a solace in this new idea.

She looked at her present position and grew hopeful; there was no reason for rash and desperate action. She could glean from the host which presently would be her guests such good and true friends as she wished to retain, and quietly exclude the rest from further invitation. At once she might make friends with the families around her. Surely amongst a class renowned throughout the world for domestic virtues, kindness and hospitality, she would find the trustworthy counselor and friend she had so frequently desired. But there was one surmounting charm associated with the new position which greatly reconciled her to rating herself with ordinary girls: it precluded the necessity of sacrificing all the pleasant things of life and most of its pleasures for the benefit of the sick poor. To distinguish herself by such a renunciation, and against her inclination, would be only less wicked, and not less vain, than to rule as a queen of gayety against the whisperings of conscience.

She took breakfast in her own room, and ordered her mare for eleven o'clock, determined to begin work at once. There was to be a steeplechase at Longmanshurst, and thither she would go, and renew her acquaintance with the people she had known before her departure from England, and through them obtain introductions to other families.

She sent no message to M. de Gaillefontaine, and as he received no invitation to accompany her, he was constrained to remain at home.

René's face at all times expressed her feelings, and M. de Gaillefontaine was not slow in deciphering expression; so he looked after René, as she moved away, cheerful and bright, with a puzzled air, and he asked of himself, as he curled the sharp end of his moustache, "What the devil is up now?"

Two hours later René returned; her riding-habit flecked with foam from the mare's mouth. She herself was trembling with passion; her large black eyes flashed with indignation, and her lips blanched against her teeth. She smiled with a forced yet eager expression about her mouth as De Gaillefontaine hastened to meet her.

"Oh, I have had such a pleasant time of it!" she said, her lips twitching with scorn, and she smacking her whip against her habit. "These fine gentlemen, these highly-bred aristocrats, these honorable men of England, all choose to ignore me, all except one who was good enough to insult me. Every one of them—men who have quarreled for a place at my side—cut me,

cut me dead, except the gentleman who was good enough to accompany me into the solitude of a lane, and—well, I cut him!"

She said this looking at her whip, her nostrils dilating, her lips quivering, as she recalled the insult she had suffered. Suddenly she stopped—they were alone—and catching the Frenchman's wrist, she said:

"Now, Antoine, you have been my friend, and I have thought too lightly of your friendship; befriend me again, and I will not be behind you in generous regard. These English gentlemen have insulted me; how shall I insult them, show my contempt for them?"

"Send out invitations to-day; exclude them; let them see the whole place alive with genius—"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Hurry the preparations. Have the grand fete in a fortnight—opera, mask ball—on Sunday. Shock them, and show what you care for English respectability, how you despise them, my great, beautiful, grand René!"

### CHAPTEN XXIX.

RENE was neither old enough nor bad enough to be vindictive. Her anger quickly subsided, and with calmness came the knowledge that she had been irrational, and that she alone was to blame for the treatment she had received. It was what she deserved, and what she might have expected had she considered the matter before, instead of after, her action. The quiet English families, judging her by their standard, were right in excluding her from their society. A girl with her notions and experience, however good her intentions, could not fail of spreading revolution wherever she went, though she desired the contrary. The admiration her beauty elicited would cause plainer girls to emulate her slightest idiosyncrasy, and to assume a freedom of thought and action as disastrous to the general economy, and as unbecoming to themselves, as it would be were a flock of tenderly-nurtured geese of a sudden to leave their stubble and range themselves beside the eagles on the mountain-side. She realized, too, the possibility of her relations with M. de Gaillefontaine being misconstrued. The insult she had received proved the existence of an opinion derogatory to her strict morality.

These considerations induced her to respect the men who had declined to acknowledge her; they were acting up to their principle, and that principle was good. But though her anger against "respectable" society died, her hope of joining it did not revive. She saw that there existed a wide chasm between her and this sober country aristocracy which even a bold leap would not cross. She must continue an independent existence.

M. de Gaillefontaine admired women with devil in them. Whilst she was possessed, he worshiped René, and forgot all about Beatrice Roffielli. He did his utmost to stimulate that devil and encourage it to remain in René's bosom; and he was sadly disappointed to see it grow weaker and more flaccid day by day, despite his efforts. She found that there was no necessity to hasten the fete—three weeks would be soon enough. She positively refused to have any performances held on Sunday. She would take a little part in the opera, and saw no objection to a fancy ball after. The actors could retain their costumes, and whoever chose to disguise his form and features might do so.

"It is a charity we should not deny some of our friends," she said.

M. de Gaillefontaine was disgusted.

"Bah! she has too much of the English blood in her; she is but a baby, a chit, a milk-shop."

But he did not fail to take an advantage that René in her haste had offered; and since that reference to increasing gratitude had been

made his manner was altered appreciably. His eyes frequently, his manner constantly, professed a warmer regard than that of friend or steward. René noticed it with a sigh, and did nothing to stop the demonstration. She was dull, and getting careless of herself.

"What does it matter?" thought she. "No one better than he will be likely to want me. Why shouldn't I marry Antoine one day if he wishes? He has been a good and kind friend to me—no one better."

The nearer one gets to the winning-post, the greater is the anxiety. His mind is far easier who has no chance of success. The hundred possibilities of accident are crowded together in the last steps. In M. de Gaillefontaine's case it was not alone accident he had to fear; his greatest apprehension was of a foot being purposely thrust out for him to stumble over. He had jealous eyes on him; there were two persons at least who would, if they could, prevent his doing as he pleased. Beatrice Roffielli, for one, did not like the turn affairs were taking; she had detected the change in his manner of addressing René at the first rehearsal which brought them together. In a subsequent interview with him, the Italian lady showed herself possessed of even more devil than De Gaillefontaine cared to see just then. But a woman's jealousy is always flattering to a man; and M. de Gaillefontaine felt no very great concern for the danger threatened by Beatrice Roffielli. He, in common with most of his countrymen, flattered himself upon his ability to manage women. It was Mr. Fox, silent and undemonstrative, whom he feared. He knew the old gentleman too well to believe him un-influenced by circumstances.

As he had told René, upon his return to Riverford he found Mr. Fox taking tea with the housekeeper. The two men were perfectly polite, and, in a stroll they took together, each tried to get at the other's thought, and unridle his observations. De Gaillefontaine discovered that Fox knew nothing of René's presence in England, and Fox learnt that she was not in Italy. Since that time Fox had not left Riverford: he spent the livelong day in gossiping. People were anxious to learn any facts relating to the mysterious family arrangements of the Biron family, and Fox was eager for such information as was set in circulation by the servants of Riverford.

A bond of mutual curiosity existed between Mr. Fox and every soul in the neighborhood whose temporal worth was under 500*l.* per annum. He was very popular with René's servants, from the housekeeper downwards; and M. de Gaillefontaine knew it. It is unpleasant to suspect the servants about you; but M. de Gaillefontaine could not avoid thinking that the chambermaids disarranged his furniture unnecessarily, and were in his rooms more frequently than duty required. To make certain, he filled up the holes in the tops of his keys with soap, and left the bunch on the floor, as if by accident. They were in the same place when he took them up at nighttime; but every one showed that it had been used.

One servant was as bad as another; and had he discharged the whole service and engaged a new one, he would have felt safe only until the next morning brought gossiping tradesfolk to the house. He regarded every one about him as an agent of Fox, and knew well enough what was the object of his search. Equally, he was conscious that Fox must have heard the common reports which declared him to be René's husband, or her his mistress. With this knowledge, Fox's silence puzzled him. Every day he expected and hoped for a letter. The uncertainty of his dread increased his anxiety until at length it became unbearable; and he resolved himself to advance, and



in a conversation to elicit, if possible, the intentions of his adversary.

He walked over the hill to the village, and turned leisurely towards the Ferry-boat, where Mr. Fox had apartments. Mr. Fox was standing, with his black-gloved hands behind him, at the shop-door of the grocer's, admiring a side of bacon, and discussing its merits and the prospects of trade with the grocer.

Seemingly no two men were ever more delighted to meet each other than Mr. Fox and M. de Gaillefontaine.

"It is so long since we had our little chats," protested M. de Gaillefontaine. "Why should it be so? Why have you not done me the honor of to call upon me—you who call upon so many? It is not that we dislike each other, oh no! I can but admire, and you—"

"Oh, I declare I am even with you in that respect, monsieur, though I fear in none other. It is, indeed, the depth of my respect that forbids me to venture upon anything which might be considered as undue freedom."

"You ravish me with your excellent grammar and your compliment. I come to take a drink with our admirable Mr. Blake, and to breathe the beautiful air of the woods. Have you dined?—ah, *pas encore!* Eh, well, what say you, my good friend? Shall it be that you return with me, and take dinner in my apartments? I would have you see the preparations for our *fete* of next week."

Mr. Fox spoke of a friend from London, who should be now waiting for him at the Ferry-boat, but signified his willingness to dine with M. de Gaillefontaine if the friend had not arrived. They separated—M. de Gaillefontaine strolling round to the front entrance of the inn, whilst Mr. Fox entered the side-door, and looked for his friend in the tap-room.

There was but one man in the tap-room, and he was seldom out of it in the daytime. This was the black sheep and scapegoat of the village; a man who suffered for his own small crimes, and occasionally for those of which he was innocent. In the boating season he honestly earned what he could, and increased his revenue, when occasion permitted, by other means. How he got money for beer and tobacco when the season for boats was not, nobody detected; but when he had no money he was usually found with rabbits in a bag at night-time by gamekeepers. When luck was against him, he was content to go to the county jail for a time, with the hope that Fortune would favor him upon his release. At these times he was careless of himself.

John Smith was the name he gave when questioned by the magistrate.

Mr. Smith slept; and to him Mr. Fox stepped hastily, and shaking him by the arm, whispered his name in his ear.

"Guilty, your honor," replied John, rousing himself. "Beg pardon, sir; is it you?"

"Yes, yes. Now's the time. You know what to do. Quick! I'm going through Quarry Wood—slowly. You will take care of me, as I told you; but keep out of sight. You understand?"

"Don't you fear. I know how to keep out of sight. You're all right. You'll stick to your bargain—pound if I help you; two-and-six if nothing comes off."

Mr. Fox hastily acquiesced, and then joining M. de Gaillefontaine, announced that his friend had not arrived, and that he was free to accept the invitation. He would rather not drink before dinner, and if M. de Gaillefontaine would accept him in his morning coat he was ready at once to accompany him to dinner.

Riverford House is distant a couple of miles from the village by the carriage-road, which winds round the hill, but rather less than a mile by the footpath that crosses it through Quarry Wood; and, as this is the pleasanter walk of the

two, it is invariably taken, except at night-time, by pedestrians. After the two gentlemen had entered the wood, John Smith came from an outbuilding of the inn, whither he had gone to get his bag, which he kept concealed there. With this in his pocket he entered the wood, and made his way into its pathless recesses with as much alacrity as if the time was night and his object rabbits.

(To be continued.)

## THE TELEPHONE UNMASKED.

(Boucicaulted from the N. Y. Times.)

IT is time that the atrocious nature of the telephone should be fully exposed, and its inventors, of whom there are any quantity, held up to public execration.

When this nefarious instrument was first introduced, it was pretended that its purpose was an innocent one. We were told that the telephone would enable a man in New York to hear what a man in Philadelphia might say; and though it was difficult to understand why anybody should ever want to listen to a Philadelphian's remarks—which, notoriously, consist exclusively of allusions to the Centennial Exhibition and an alleged line of American steamships—there was nothing necessarily immoral in this possible use of the telephone. Then it was claimed that by means of the telephone conversation could be carried on with other than Philadelphians, and that political speeches delivered in Washington could be heard in any city of the continent. As the President was at that time making speeches in Vermont instead of Washington, the public was not alarmed by this announcement, and it was not until the telephonic conspirators mentioned that the uproar of a brass-band could be transmitted to any distance through the telephone that any general feeling of uneasiness was developed. Nevertheless, the vast capabilities for mischief of the telephone, and the real purpose of its unprincipled inventors have been studiously concealed, and it is only by accident that the greatness and imminence of the danger to which the public is exposed have suddenly been revealed.

Suspicion ought to have been awakened by the recent publication of the fact that if the lamp-posts of our city were to be connected by wires, every confidential remark made to a lamp-post by a belated Democratic statesman could be reproduced by a telephone connected with any other lamp-post. It is true that this publication was ostensibly made in the interest of the police force, and it was recommended that the patrolmen should use the lamp-posts as means of communication with police headquarters. It was evident, however, that the result would be to make every lamp-post a spy upon midnight wayfarers. Men who had trusted to friendly lamp-posts for years, and embraced them with the utmost confidence in their silence and discretion, would find themselves shamelessly betrayed, and their unsuspecting soliloquies literally reported to their indignant families; strange to say, this suggestive hint of the powers of the telephone attracted no attention, and has ere this been, in all probability, forgotten.

A series of incidents which has lately occurred in Providence has, however, clearly shown the frightful capabilities of the telephone. Two men, to whom, so far as is known, no improper motive can be attributed, were recently experimenting with a telephone, the wire of which was stretched over the roofs of innumerable buildings, and was estimated to be fully four miles in length. They relate that on the first evening of their telephonic dissipation they heard men and women singing songs, and elo-

quent clergymen preaching ponderous sermons; and that they detected several persons in the act of practising upon brass instruments. This sort of thing was repeated every evening, while on Sunday morning a perfect deluge of partially conglomerated sermons rolled in upon them. These are the main facts mentioned by the two men in what may be called their official report of their experiments; but it is asserted that they heard other things which they did not venture to openly repeat. The remarks of thousands of midnight cats were borne to their listening ears. The confidential conversations of hundreds of husbands and wives were whispered through the treacherous telephone, and though the remarks of Mr. and Mrs. Smith were sometimes inextricably entangled with those of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and it was frequently impossible to tell from what particular wife came the direful threat, "O! I'll just let you know," or from what strong husband in his agony came the cry, "Leggo that hair!" the two astonished telephone experimenters learned enough of the secrets of the leading families of Providence to render it a hazardous matter for any resident of that city to hereafter accept a nomination for any office.

Now, it has been ascertained that the wire of this telephone was not in contact with any other wire, and thus the hypothesis that the sounds heard by the two men were messages in process of transmission by the usual telegraphic wires is untenable. Moreover, a little reflection will show that cats do not send telegraphic messages, and that leading citizens do not transmit by telegraph petitions to their wives advocating a policy of conciliation in respect to hair. The scientific persons whom the two men have consulted have no hesitation in saying that the telephonic wire picked up all the sounds in its neighborhood by the process of induction. When the wire passed over a church, it took up the waves of sound set in motion by the preacher and reproduced them on the telephone. In like manner it collected the sounds from the concert-halls and dwelling-houses over the roofs of which it passed, and the peculiar distinctness with which it transmitted the remarks of cats was due to the fact that it must have passed in close proximity to several popular feline resorts.

We can now comprehend the danger of the telephone. If any telephonic miscreant connects a telephone with one of the countless telegraphic wires that pass over the roofs of the city there will be an immediate end of all privacy. Whatever is said in the secrecy of the back piazza by youthful students of the satellites of Mars will be proclaimed, by way of the house-top, to the eavesdropping telephone operator. No matter to what extent a man may close his doors and windows, and hermetically seal his key-holes and furnace-registers with towels and blankets, whatever he may say, either to himself or a companion, will be overheard. Absolute silence will be our only safety. Conversation will be carried on exclusively in writing, and courtship will be conducted by the use of a system of ingenious symbols. An invention which thus mentally makes silence the sole condition of safety cannot be too severely denounced, and while violence, even in self-defense, is always to be deprecated, there can be but little doubt that the death of the inventors and manufacturers of the telephone would do much towards creating that feeling of confidence which financiers tell us must precede any revival of business.

SOME one suggested that savings banks be compelled to ring a big bell-punch whenever they fail. This is not a bad idea, but the people of Chicago will probably object to being aroused from their slumbers seven nights in a week.—*Norristown Herald.*





### Puck's Archanges.

A SAFE burglary—when the robbers escape.  
—*Camden Post*.

"Beauty unadorned is most adorned." Here, take our clothes, somebody. We don't need 'em.—*Hawkeye*.

A MAN who goes to the seashore now for rheumatism stands a good chance of getting it.  
—*New Orleans Picayune*.

If you plant onions and mark the place with a stick, do not expect a crop of stake and onions.  
—*Boston Commercial's Agricultural Editor*.

IT is not the youth with the most brains, but the one that knows of the most ash barrels who is popular on election night.—*Easton Free Press*.

WHEN those Long Island hunters get the foxes in their vicinity exterminated, Fall River should invite them to that city to clean out the skunks.—*Boston Post*.

WE hope the new editor of the *Philadelphia Press* will be promoted at once. He's only a captain now, while all the other editors in the city are colonels.—*Boston Post*.

THERE is any number of chaps going about town talking loudly of supporting this or that candidate who have never yet been able to support themselves.—*Newark Call*.

THE *New York Commercial* publishes a poem entitled, "The Mosquito (after William Cullen Bryant)." It does not state whether the venerable poet escaped.—*Worcester Press*.

A WHITEHALL disciple of Isaak Walton arose before daylight yesterday morning and secured an early bird, so that it will catch worms for him to go fishing with.—*Whitehall Times*.

SOME Indians use scalping knives of tortoiseshell, probably on account of the old fable in which the tortoise was alleged to have got away with the hare.—*Nes Percean Paraphraser*.

FOUND on Boston Common—A small piece of elastic about ten inches in length with monogram buckle. The owner can have it by calling and proving her property.—*Boston Post*.

GENTLEMEN's hats, that last year brought \$3 apiece, can now be purchased for \$1.50; whereas it still costs a woman from \$15 to \$50 to go comparatively bareheaded.—*Andrews' Bazar*.

KING KALAKAUA practices on musical instruments and is a freethinker. It must be great comfort to an amateur musician to be able to disbelieve in the existence of a hell.—*Worcester Press*.

ABOVE the roar of political strife may be heard the voice of woman inquiring if all the geraniums in the front yard have been covered with papers to protect them from the frost.—*Rome Sentinel*.

WOMEN have been known to remove their jewelry under the excitement of a camp-meeting sermon on charity and humbleness, but no one ever saw them throw away a real hair switch.—*Detroit Free Press*.

GEORGIA negro-preacher to his flock: "We have a collection to make this morning, and, for the glory of heaven, whichever of you stole Mr. Smith's sheep, don't put anything on the plate.—*Unidentified Ex.*"

SOLOMON's temple stood four hundred and twenty-four years, but it is hard to make our children believe in the glory of a structure that didn't have a single cellar-door to slide down on.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

ARGUS DEAN, of Jefferson county, Ky., has 12,000 crab-apple trees laden with fruit, all of which he intends to bring to the cider mill. Champagne will be plentiful in Louisville next winter.—*Baltimore Gazette*.

Now go forth in these beautiful, hazy, drowsy days, and commune with Nature and pick "three-leaved ivy" for woodbine, and wear your head in a bag of sour bread and milk for a month.—*Graphic*.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is enjoying better health. He is now so fully materialized that he don't have to spread a newspaper on a cane seat chair to keep from falling through the meshes.—*Easton Free Press*.

KISSING is said to be possible by telephone. We have not the slightest interest in this ridiculous matter. If the lady doesn't care enough about it to come nearer than that, she must remain sick.—*Rochester Democrat*.

"Is that a sexton?" inquired a lady as she passed a solemn-visaged individual, dressed in deep black. "No," replied her husband, "he is the paraphraser—the 'funny man' of the *Weekly Triphammer*."—*Dexter Smith's*.

"ARISTOTLE," said a gamester, "was no better than a thief." This remark was made just after Aristotle had gone down from Athens to Corinth and got picked up bad by a monte man from Thessalia.—*Breakfast Table*.

AN old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them: "You are small potatoes!"—"We may be small potatoes," said one of them, "but we are sweet ones."—*Sentimental but Unidentified Paraphraser*.

A CHILD was recently born in Parke county, Ind., with its arms and hands turned backward. Its parents were in despair until they reflected that the youngster would make a good custom house inspector.—*Jersey City Journal*.

"LIVES of great men (and women) oft remind us," etc. Here were Alexander Hamilton and Mary Stewart, at Troy, and Mehemet Ali, at Albany, all incarcerated for drunkenness the other evening.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

THE *New York Herald* inquires: "What is more beautiful in autumn, on the cold, white beach, than a shell, with its flickering pinks and greens?" We should say a boiled dinner, with its flickering greens and things.—*Breakfast Table*.

A READER writes to say that by abolishing the P. I. column the *Herald* may be saved. We should like to impress it on such minds as this that they should stop reading the P. I. and read the poetry under the head of shipping news.—*N. Y. Herald*.

THE *N. Y. Herald* advocates the abolition of promiscuous hand-shaking. If people would stop drinking whisky, they would have steadier nerves, and consequently there would be not only less hand-shaking, but less trembling all over.—*Norr. Herald*.

A PASSIONATE and revengeful temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, robs him of all that is great and noble in his nature, and occasionally sends him home with a black eye when he attempts to try it on a man who won't have it.—*Baltimore News*.

IT is said that in the classic city of Chicago, when the Thomas orchestra was playing there, a trombone player who was at an outpost for the purpose of playing an echo, was put out of the garden for disturbing the music the moment his time came to play.—*Unknown Paraphraser*.

GRIM autumn now with measured tread,  
And bowed and snow-besprinkled head,  
Comes on apace.

Behold the glowing falling leaves—  
Behold the garnered golden sheaves—  
Behold the stripped and ghostly trees!  
And lo, the cheerful buckwheat cake  
With lordly grace,  
Ten thousand ailments in its wake—  
Dyspepsia, boils, and stomach-ache—  
Takes now its place.

—*St. Louis Journal*.

AT a recent sale of short-horn cows in England one animal brought \$22,000. That is a tremendous price, but it has its compensations. To be kicked in the stomach by a cow worth \$22,000 must be accompanied by a variety of ennobling sensations. Not every man can afford it.—*Danbury News*.

A PARTY were enjoying the evening breeze on board a yacht. "The wind has made my mustache taste like salt," remarked a young man who had been for some time occupied in biting the hair that fell over his upper lip. "I know it," innocently said a pretty girl. And she wondered why all her friends laughed.—*Unidentified Exchange*.

"SIMPLICITY" is the title of an association of ladies just formed in Leipsic, the object of which is to promote simplicity in dress, and to make war upon luxury. Each single member received forty-seven proposals of marriage four days after the organization of the association. Fact!—*Sanguinary Prevaricator of Norristown*.

MR. BRYANT, the poet, more than a year ago, was presented with a very handsome vase, costing some ten thousand dollars. Last summer this vase was on exhibition at the Centennial, but having no other use for it this season, it is suspected that, taking advantage of the abundant fruit crop, he has filled it with blackberry jam.—*Norr. Herald*.

WE nominate J. Billings for the next president of the Phonetic Spelling Asosiashun.—*Philadelphia Press*. Gud enuf. Second the moshun.—*Gratik*. Shell it be bi ballet or akla-mayshun? We prefer the viver-vosy stile.—*Noo Yawk Cumersshul*. We prefer the razin ov hans.—*Yuncurs Gazet*. Awl stan up and sa i. Paw Chester Jornal. Chawk thur backs an pare um orf. By awl meens giv us a fare kount.—*Katony Rekordur*. Nuf ced.—*Yonkers Gazette*.—O! 'L—PUCK.

THE hunting season has opened. When you see a young man pick up a fowling piece and take sight at three hundred and seventeen objects in succession, while he remarks that it is a mighty good gun, about the only course for you to pursue is to fall on your knees, make your will and peace with heaven in the same breath, and wait. You will be the first to discover that the "darned thing was loaded."—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.





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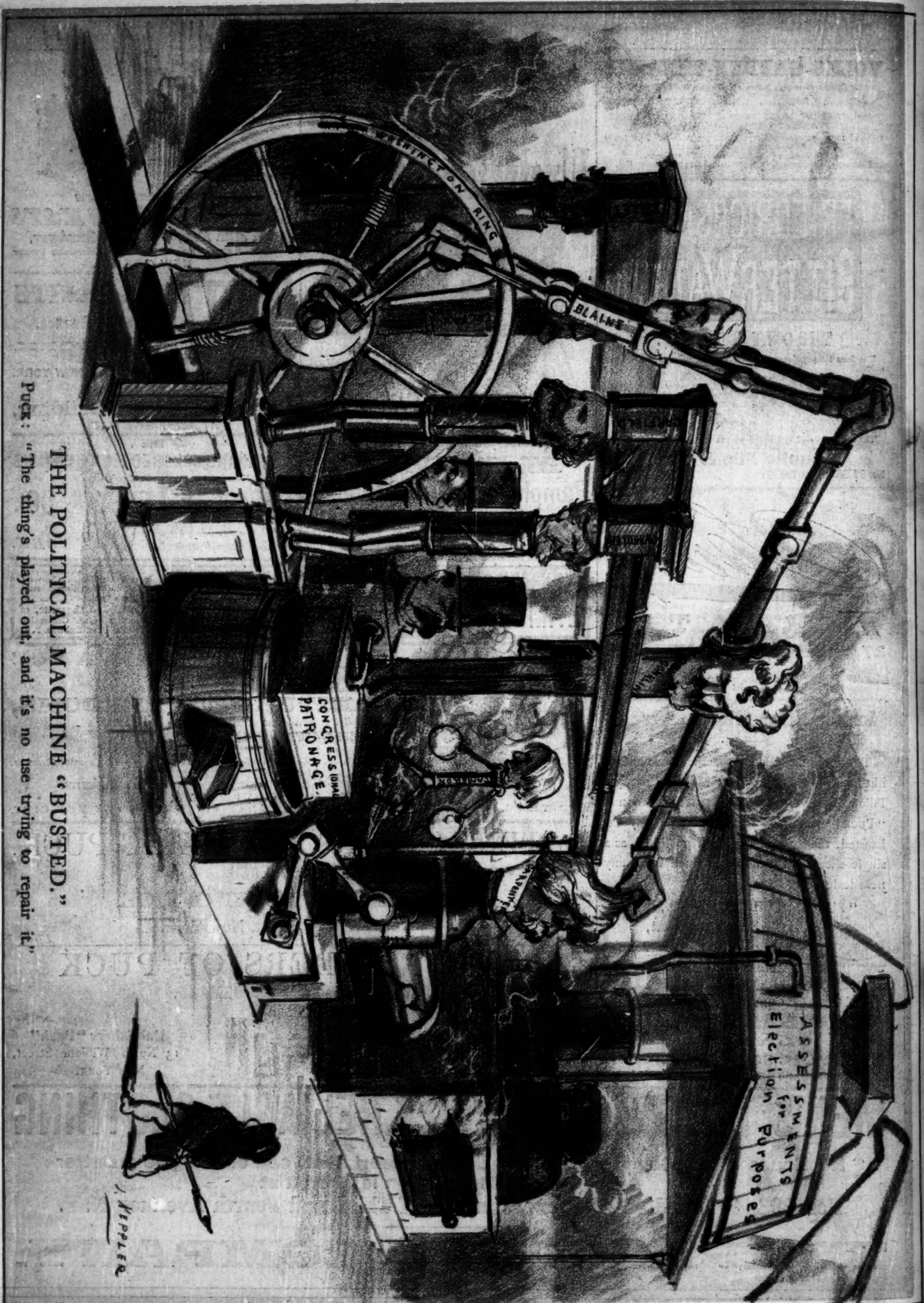
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